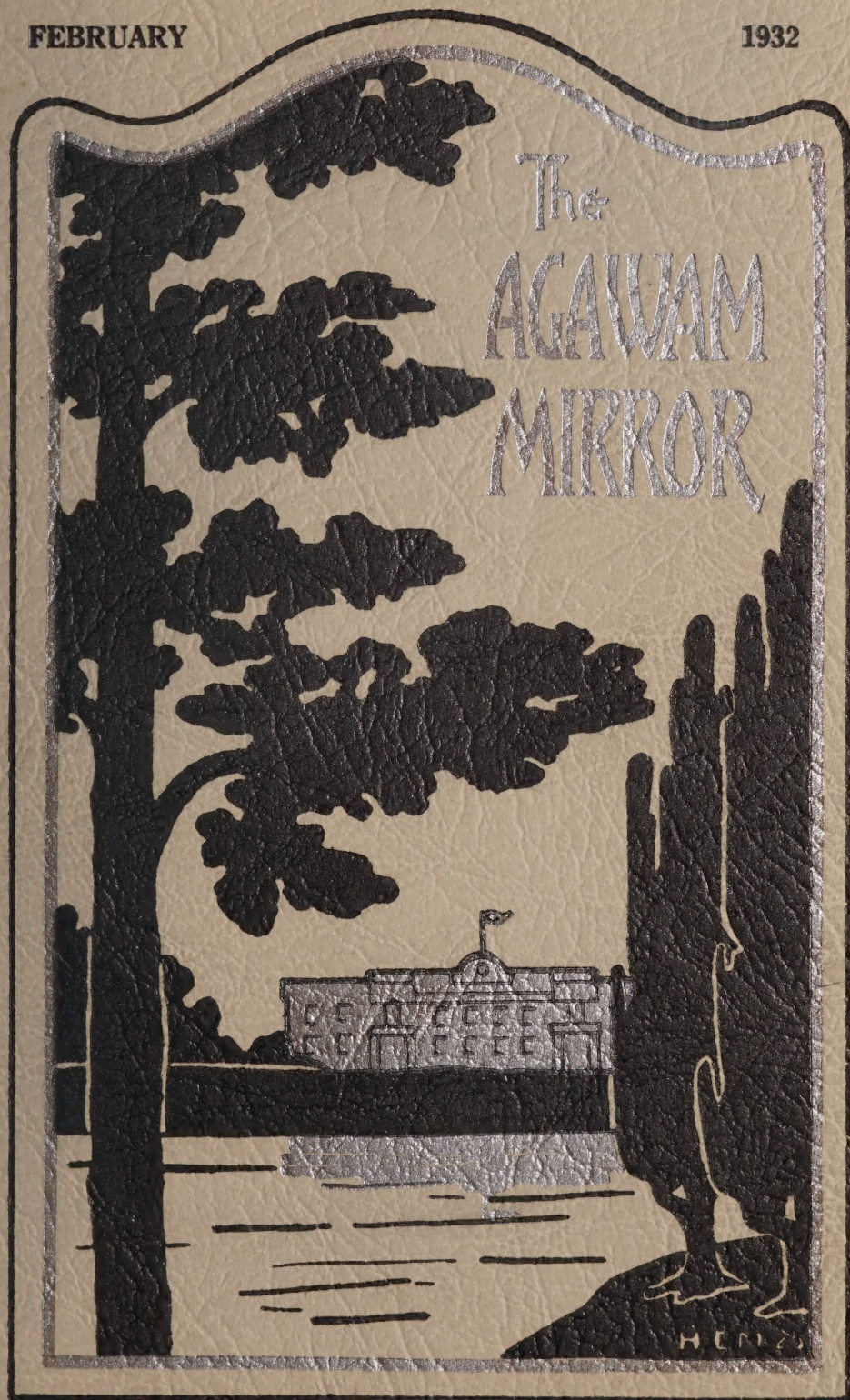


FEBRUARY

1932

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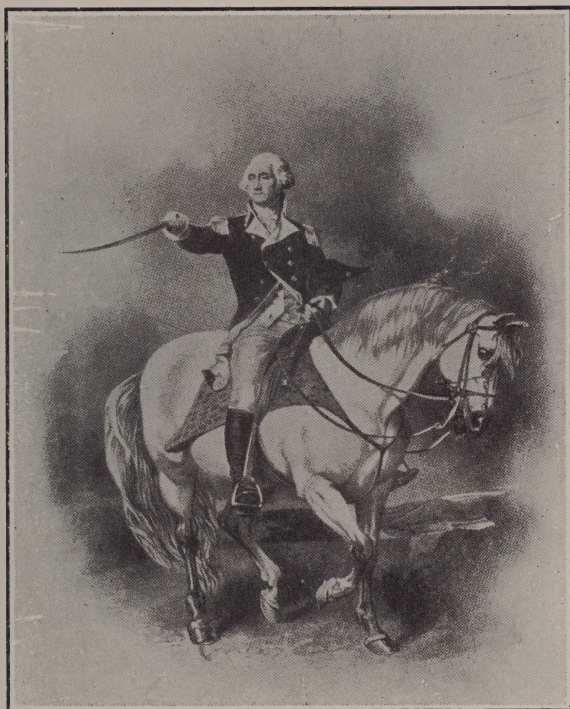
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*“Mark his majestic fabric! He’s a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul’s the diety that lodges there
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.”*

Stamp Enthusiasts

By BARBARA HALLADAY

"Here it comes!" exclaimed Bill with a groan of relief as he threw open the large, old-fashioned trunk after he had been tugging at the worn straps.

There was no outstanding feature about the Richardson's attic. It was used, more or less, as a spare room, where the things which weren't wanted were put aside. Old furniture, which had been replaced by the more modern suites, was stacked up in high piles. Many pieces of china, which were considered not new enough to use, yet too good to throw away, occupied a small part of the room. There were several bundles of magazines, beside which lay a few dust-covered paintings, which were no doubt quite valuable, and which would appear beautiful in the eyes of one who really knew and appreciated art.

After the trunk, which stood in one dark corner of the room had been opened, Bill and his sister, June, watched with interest as their mother sorted the contents. One by one, Mrs. Richardson took from the trunk the dresses, which had been so carefully folded and packed away after her own grandmother had worn them. She held each one up for June's inspection, but not one of them seemed to satisfy the girl who was planning to attend a party where old-fashioned clothes were to be worn. If the color was right, the style was sure to be wrong.

Bill, who was merely an onlooker, enjoyed teasing his sister. "I wonder if all girls are as fussy and particular about their clothes as you are," he said with mischief in his eyes.

"I didn't ask you to watch me, anyway," June retorted hastily. "Besides, wouldn't you like me to look nice at this party?" she added in a more pleasant tone of voice as she noticed the disapproving glance in her mother's eye.

"Aw, I suppose so but look!" Bill ejaculated. "What's that blue thing down there? Perhaps that's something you could wear. You've been wanting something blue."

"I'd forgotten all about this," his mother said as she held the pretty blue dress up to June, after taking it from its place in the bottom of the trunk. "It belonged to my mother's mother, and, if I remember correctly, she had it for a party dress when she was just a little older than you are. A dress of this kind was considered to be quite the thing at that time."

June had grown to be quite a good-looking girl during her seventeen years, and this dress was very becoming to her. It matched her large, blue eyes perfectly and blended nicely with her wavy, blond hair.

"Well sis," said Bill with a twinkle in his own brown eyes, "I hate to do it, but I must confess you don't look half bad in that outfit."

"I think I'll wear it, if you like it," his sister said, rewarding him with a sweet smile which delighted Bill, as he was really very proud of his pretty sister.

As Mrs. Richardson folded the dress with the announcement that it must be taken down stairs to be fixed up, something fell from the pocket on to the floor.

"What's that?" Bill queried eagerly, and as he picked the object up, he realized, that it was an envelope addressed in a man's handwriting to his great-grandmother. But that fact didn't interest him so much as the stamp in the corner, for he recognized it as one he had never seen before. The stamp was unusually large, and had a picture of Washington. Its date was 1845. Whether this stamp was valuable or not it would certainly look nice in his stamp book beside the others he had been so long in collecting, and in which he took such pride!

"Do you care if I have this stamp, mother?" he asked.

"Why, no, not if you want it badly enough," Mrs. Richardson answered, for she understood her son's desire to add to his collection of stamps. "But do you think it's worth anything?"

"Well, it dates back quite a ways, so it may be. But I don't know. Anyhow, I'm going over and see what Mr. Simpson thinks about it."

And with this decision, Bill was running down the stairs, whistling a lively air. Quickly he donned his hat and coat, and hurried from the house. But before doing so, he placed his precious acquisition in a small box, and slid it into his deepest pocket. His stamp book he also took with him. Although he stopped to chat with a couple of friends for a few minutes, he arrived at his destination, a lovely house set back on a small hill, with no less enthusiasm than when he had started. He walked in, not bothering to knock, and entered the room where he knew his friend would be sitting. "Hello, Mr. Simpson!" was his cheerful greeting.

The person to whom he spoke was a neatly-dressed old man with white hair and kindly blue eyes that twinkled merrily most of the time. He was sitting in a comfortable chair beside a large window, and was apparently enjoying the book which he was reading. But when he saw Bill, he gladly closed the book, and rose to greet his young friend, his bent figure straightening as he held out his hand, and said in his cheery, shaky voice; "Well, well, my boy, I'm glad to see you. You're quite a stranger here lately."

"I've got something new to show you today," Bill said. "I came right over as soon as I found it." As he spoke, he carefully took the stamp from his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Simpson.

The old man smiled his approval when he saw what the object was, for his interest also lay in the collection of interesting, old stamps. "So you've got another stamp to show me," he said. "Why, I might have guessed from your eager look when you came in."

Bill was glad that his friend should show such an interest. "Do you think it's worth anything?" he asked after Mr. Simpson had carefully looked the stamp over.

"It ought to be worth a dollar anyway, hadn't it?"

"Why, yes, all of that," the old man slowly replied. His face wore a puzzled expression, as though he were trying to figure something out.

"As long as you've brought your stamp book along I might as well get mine, and then we can compare them," he suggested, laying the stamp on the table.

Bill was very much pleased at the idea. He knew that Mr. Simpson's stamps were of great value and interest, and he enjoyed nothing more than looking at them even though he couldn't have them for himself. "Oh, I'd love to," he replied truthfully.

When Mr. Simpson had left to get the book from his own room, Bill could not help but think as he had done so many times before, how much more cheerful this living room, in which he was sitting, was than those of most men of wealth. The old organ, around which more than one generation of the family had stood and sung beautiful old sacred songs still occupied a prominent place in the room. An old-fashioned bookcase, on the top of which lay the family Bible, contained such books as children as well as old folks might enjoy. The furniture was attractive, although it did not represent the newest style. The sun gained its entrance through several large windows, and penetrated every corner, creating a cheerful atmosphere. And best of all, this room was a perfect setting for the old man.

Shortly Mr. Simpson returned, and pulling two chairs up to a small table motioned to Bill to sit down. When the farmer's grandson entered the room a little later, he noticed the picture the two made, as they sat closely together. Brown locks mingled with white, as they poured over the books, oblivious to anything but the precious new discovery.

For a minute or two, Jack stood in the doorway watching them, a bit of contempt in his face, for he could not understand how any red-blooded boy could be so interested in a mere stamp, or twenty of them, when out-door sports were calling.

Finally he said in disgust, "Hello, you two. I see you're at it again. Can't you even take time to speak to a fellow?"

(Continued on page 18)

An Interview With A Lion Keeper, Mr. Simpson, At Forest Park Zoo

By EDSON FERRELL

Lions, who does not thrill at the very words? To those who have seen this king of beasts in his native haunts the word brings to mind the broad, far-reaching African veldt all ablaze under the broiling African sun. And again one lives over the deep tropical night, the sudden booming roar of the hunting carnivore, the sudden agonized scream of the unfortunate victim, while again the law of the jungle holds true, kill or be killed, eat or be eaten.

When I was assigned the task of getting an interview for the *Agawam Mirror* from the lion keeper at the Forest Park Zoo, I was elated for I had often wondered about how lions were kept in captivity, what they were fed, how they acted, and here was my chance.

When we, Alfred Goulet and I, entered the door of the building where the animals are kept at in Forest Park, we were greeted by a storm of raucous squawks and volleys of harsh chattering sounds. The squawks were from the parrots and parakeets who were making most of the noise while the ever restless monkeys were running a close second.

As we entered we noticed the lions in the cages on the left. In the first cage was a lioness and three lion cubs. In the second cage was a magnificent, full-grown male lion. As we stood looking at him, I wondered vaguely what he was thinking about. Was that far-away look in his eyes a sign that he was thinking of the broad veldt that was his home, a home that he would never see again? Who knows, in that savage mind thoughts of a life of danger and death lingered, a life where the code is the survival of the fittest. As the Mexicans say, "Quien Sabe?" In the third cage was another male lion but much smaller, apparently not yet full grown.

I could have stayed there for hours watching these lions but business before pleasure, and we had come in hopes of getting an interview with the keeper of the lions.

After inquiring from a man who was working about the building, we found that Mr. Simpson the head keeper of the zoo, would be in, in a few minutes and that we could see him.

While waiting for Mr. Simpson, I fell to musing about what qualities a man should have in order to be a lion-keeper. He must be, I concluded, both strong and gentle. His interest in animals would be the prime requisite—he must love animals. My thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a tall, blond young man. We were informed that this young man was Mr. Simpson.

"Mr. Simpson, we are representatives of the *Agawam Mirror*, a high school publication and we would like to know if you can spare us a few minutes for an interview about your lions?"

"Why, yes, I would be glad to do anything I can to help you. Will you step into my office where we can talk?"

I had expected to see an older man in this position but the fact that Mr. Simpson has this important task tells plainly enough that he has initiative and skill. A firm, square jaw speaks of will power and determination with which his steady blue eyes are in agreement. Yet those blue-grey eyes can soften and become kindly.

It was much quieter in the office, at any rate we had no competition from the monkeys and parrots, and we could proceed with the interview.

"We had heard of your unusual success in raising lions here. Can you give us any reasons for your success?"

"In the first place, the parents of these cubs are in perfect health. Old Bessie, she is the mother lion, is considered one of the finest specimens in the country. Caesar, the father of the cubs, is in perfect health also. Such conditions have much to do with whether the cubs will be strong and healthy, or weak and puny. In the second place, these cubs demand a great deal of care in the regulation of their diet, for it is their

diet that prevents sickness. We have taken every possible precaution to keep the cubs strong and healthy, and thus far, we have succeeded."

"What is the normal diet of the cubs?"

"They eat about three pounds of beef and beef-hearts a day, and they are given a stew about once a week."

"What do the matured lions eat?"

"They eat nine pounds of beef and beef-hearts a day; once a day, they are fed. The beef-hearts act as a laxative, and are a part of their daily diet."

"We noticed a smaller male lion in the third cage. Where did he come from?"

"That is Amos; he is the sole survivor of a litter of three cubs, one female and two males. The female died at birth, and one of the males met with an accident later."

"You seem to have a name for all of the lions. What are the cubs' names?"

"Well, there have been a lot of names sent in, but since the cubs are all females, we decided unofficially on Clara, Lu, and Em."

"Could you tell us what that lamp is, that is in the cubs' cage?"

"That is an ultra-violet ray lamp. It was installed, recently, to prevent the cubs from having rickets. Even lion cubs are susceptible to this disease, and the lamp supplies artificially the sunlight which acts as a cure as well as a preventative."

"Have you ever had any accidents with the lions?"

"Yes, a few years ago a man put his

hand too near one of the lions while he was eating. He was rather badly clawed, and for a time he was seriously ill. However, this was the only serious accident that we have had."

"Do you have much trouble with the lions? I mean, are they very ferocious?"

"No, we have no trouble in that way with them. They get to know their keepers, and if you will notice, you will see that whenever one of the keepers goes by their cages, they will follow him with their eyes, while they pay absolutely no attention to visitors."

"Are the lions ever bothered with their teeth, and what do you do when they are?"

"When a lion has to have a tooth fixed or extracted, he must be put to sleep. Since ether is not strong enough to put a matured lion to sleep, half ether and half chloroform must be used. We have been very fortunate, however, for none of the old lions have had any serious tooth troubles. One of the cubs did have an ulcerated tooth which had to be pulled out, but this was the only trouble we have had."

"Is there anything that we have left out that you can add?"

"Well, your readers might like to know that the weight of the cubs is thirty-five pounds and that they will mature in about four years."

"We want to thank you for your trouble, Mr. Simpson, and we certainly hope that you will continue to have just as much success with your lions."



Verse

A LATE WINTER

The seasons seemed to be
Switched this year,
With winter following
Spring.

The tulips were up
And the crocuses, too,
And had to be covered
Again.

The buds on the top
Of the poplar tree
Were growing as large as
In May.

The rose-vine ascending
The side of the house,
Had leaves that had opened,
They say.

And then came the snow storm
That retarded the Spring
I hope that in April,
Buds open again!

Eleanor M. Johnson.

MIDWINTER SUNSET

The clouds in the west have lifted,
The sun comes streaming thru;
The cold white light of a winter sun,
And a narrow streak of blue.

The sun sinks slowly from behind the clouds,
Down into the hills below.
The last red rays of the evening sun
Set the snow-covered ground aglow.

Eleanor M. Johnson

JEWELLED FANTASY

Slowly sets the saffron sun
Into emerald mountains, deep.
Through the pale grey, platinum mists,
Onyx shadows creep.

Opalescent bracelets fade,
And in the peaceful, sapphire sky
Glow the topaz evening star
Light of hope, to never die.

Narrow, lustrous moonbeams mold
Pins of pearline bars.
The moon's a frosted crystal
On a cobweb chain of stars.

Virginia McVeigh.

SOLITUDE

As I meditatively sat on a solitary,
weather beaten stump, near the foot of a
babbling brook, and gazed upon its peaceful
waters, surrounded by dank smelling hills
and stark black trees, a feeling of content-
ment crept over me.

A rustic birch bridge crudely put together
resembled a hungry animal ready to spring
upon its prey. As the waters murmured over
thousands of rounded pebbles and huge time-
worn rocks, my attention was attracted by a
little black chip of bark, that calmly sailed
along and was suddenly caught in the grasp
of a tiny swirling eddy, as some forlorn soul
who wanders upon the seas of life in a frail,
unseaworthy boat, is caught in the huge
whirlpool of trouble and disaster.

A. Swanson.

In Memoriam

FRED CHIBA

Died December 2, 1931

Always full of optimism and thoughts of the future, Fred planned ahead. In his last theme at school he wrote, "If I spend my time wisely and work hard, and do my best to accomplish the work set before me, and do a good job of it, that's all that counts."

Fred had a quiet, pleasing personality which made him well liked by all his classmates, the Juniors, and others who knew him.

Fred applied himself to his studies and worked hard. This last year he went out for the football team and was an able candidate for a guard position.

Though actually this classmate with smiling, likeable ways is gone, the memory of what he stood for will stay with us.

Stanley Savage.

Editorial

THE YOUTH'S IDEAL---WASHINGTON

Two hundred years ago, on a large plantation in Virginia a boy was born of Mary and Augustine Washington. Little did his parents realize that one day the life of this boy would fan the flame of Liberty and mold the foundation of a government for a new country.

George was a level-headed, energetic boy and even at an early age he was acknowledged by his playmates as leader. His honesty and trustworthiness made him attractive to others. He was determined to succeed at any task he undertook so his rise from one position to the next was steady.

The boy who led his playmates in mimic battles became the leader of a nation in a dreadfully real war. His faith in our country,

even when he must have felt little cause for hope, remained undaunted.

After the Revolution, Washington, the courageous leader of a nation at war, became Washington the diplomatic leader of a nation at peace.

The thrilling tales of the heroic Washington in battle, and the stories of his honesty, loyalty, and truthfulness appeal to boys and girls, and the admiration boys and girls have for this American hero creates a desire in them to become like him.

Washington's greatness did not come upon him on reaching manhood. His greatness began when he was a boy. Therefore, if young men and young women wish to imitate Washington, the man, they must prepare themselves by imitating Washington, the boy.

Much in the life of young Washington can find a modern parallel. A part of Washington's education was spent in the study of a text-book entitled "The Rules of Civility." He memorized and put into practice the ideas of this book. This early study always showed in Washington: he was always a gentleman. We have no text-book "Rules of Civility" in our classrooms today. Our task is much harder than learning rules by heart. We must act according to what we believe is the right thing to do. While the question of courtesy is left much to the individual, we should remember our school motto—"There is always time for courtesy."

When Washington was a young man he decided to become a surveyor. After this decision, he studied that profession until he felt he could put it into practice. This was a characteristic of Washington. When he decided on a course, he stuck to it. Many of us today can make application of this trait in selecting our courses of study. We can select a course with care, and then stay with it, instead of jumping from one course to another and back again. Specialization results in proficiency.

Many memorials have been built to honor George Washington—memorials of cold, lifeless stone which will wear away with the passing of time. Yet there is one memorial that will last forever. That memorial is the never-failing reverence of the American youth for the Father of his Country.

Mirrored Events

By IDA RICCI

CHRISTMAS PLAY

Much credit is due to the players and to Miss Belyea for the excellent, well-finished Christmas play called, "Solitaire" which was given in December under her careful direction.

The characters:

Richard Shields.....	Vaughn
Elizabeth Bloom.....	Pat
Daniel DiDanato.....	Father
Vera Alvergini.....	Mother
Charles Assad.....	Scarecrow

During the play, Dorothy Geoffrion, Rita Provost, Fern Miller, Virginia Brinton, Walter Mosely, James Wright, Harry Stocker and Robert Hennessey sang Christmas carols directed by Miss Perry.

Adele Swanson and Ida Ricci acted as prompters while Murven Barnard had charge of miscellaneous jobs.

ALUMNI DANCE

Under the supervision of Clark Jones, the chairman of the Decoration Committee, the assembly hall was attractively decorated, December 27, for the purpose of welcoming the alumni to the second annual Alumni Dance, given by the Student Council.

Geraldine Rising, chairman of the Entertainment Committee, prepared an interesting program in which the following people took part: Marguerite Tatro sang a vocal solo; Elaine LaFleche gave a whistling solo; Frances Luccardi entertained with an acrobatic dance; and Geraldine Rising gave a reading selection.

The success of the dance was greatly due to the hard work of the general chairman, Della Lamson; ticket chairman, Creighton Abrams; refreshment chairman, Barbara Halliday; and to Vera Alvergini, who had charge of the invitations.

It proved to be a good reunion, as a large number of the alumni attended.

WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE?

Prof. Claude K. Scheifley, from the Worcester Institute of Technology, spoke to us recently on the subject, "What Pupils should go to College and What Pupils should not."

Mr. Scheifley advised us not to go to college if we intended to go because we see others going, or if we wished to go with the idea of earning more money later, as a result of college training. Prof. Scheifley also expressed the opinion that no student should try to work his way through college unless he has a strong physique and a good mind. We began to wonder if any student should go to college.

But Mr. Scheifley said that if our interest in some specific subjects has been evident in good work in school, and we wish to increase our knowledge and ability in those subjects, we should go to college.

HAPPINESS

Dr. Samuel Grafflin, who needs no introduction, having addressed us before, was heartily applauded when he spoke to us one morning on the subject, "Happiness."

Dr. Grafflin very clearly illustrated that a peaceful mind, a grateful heart, a love for all that's true, a helpful hand, real tolerance, and lots of things to do, are six steps toward content, and bring a well-spent life with real accomplishments.

A LATIN CLUB VALENTINE PARTY

On December 12, 1932 at Miss Miller's apartment, the Latin Club held a Valentine Party, admitting the members of the first year Latin class who have done A grade work for the first half year. They are: Vivian Cordes, Norman Roberts, Arthur Loomis, Alice Balboni, Lucille Syner.

Thirty members attended the party. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by everyone present.

Junior High

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A very interesting program, directed by Miss Powers was presented on February 20, in honor of George Washington.

A one-act play, "George Washington at the Helm of State," was first given with the following pupils taking part:

George Washington.....David Guy
Alexander Hamilton.....Charles Jasmin
Thomas Jefferson.....Gordon Byrnes
Edmond Randolph.....Fredrick Raynor
John Knox.....Aaron Whitlock
Martha Washington.....Ethel Jacques
Servant.....Simon Ramah

The poem, "The Name of Washington," was recited by Ruth Smith. "A Modern Washington" was given by Howard Bailey, and "Washington's Farewell to his Army," and "Crown our Washington" recited by Rita Donais, were well received.

The selections played by the orchestra, and the songs sung by the Junior High Glee Club, directed by Miss Perry, were also heard with great interest.

After the games, each one selected a partner and marched to the girls' gymnasium where refreshments consisting of ice cream, cookies, and Christmas candy were served. The table was attractively decorated with a Christmas tablecloth, and a candle at each end, with a beautiful poinsetta in the center.

The gifts were distributed in a unique manner. Each couple approached the center of the gymnasium, was blind-folded and was sent in the opposite direction to the table where he secured his present.

At this party, a farewell cheer was given to Phyllis Sellwood, who was leaving for the South.

A circle was formed and Phyllis went to the center where she was showered with streamers. A fitting speech was made by the President of the Club, Alfred Tompkins. He then presented to Phyllis, a beautiful box of candy.

Florence Raschi.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

"Makers of the Flag," a play enthusiastically received by all, was presented February 12, in honor of Abraham Lincoln, under the efficient supervision of Miss Potter.

Seven short scenes were shown representing Character, Health, Beauty, Law Obedience, Education, Taking Part in the Work of the Nation, and World Friendship—seven items which help to build the flag.

Each pupil displayed special talent in his particular role.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club held its annual Christmas Party in the gymnasium.

Games were held under the direction of Miss Edgell in the boys' gymnasium for about an hour.

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

It was just one week since mother and I had arrived at grandfather's house, which was supposed to be haunted by some weird creature or person. Uncanny sounds and disappearing of money at different times had made mother and me very nervous.

One afternoon we were startled by a weird sound. Mother whispered, "Did you hear that weird scream?" "Yes," I said, "what do you think it was?" We were so frightened we could hardly move. Soon we decided we would try to solve the mystery.

Within five minutes we had gone all over the house and grounds, but had found no trace of any person or thing. As we entered the house, we again heard this horrible noise which seemed to come from over our

(Continued on page 14)

The Covers Of Our Contemporaries

By CHARLES ARDIZONI

We have been criticised for not changing our cover designs with each issue. We can't afford to make such changes but in order to get variety we change the colors of our covers to coincide with the seasons. The *Helios* of Central High, Grand Rapids, Michigan, seems to have a similar plan. Their January issue has their attractive circular embossed design of a hipogriff mounted on a shield done in black on a bright red cover.

Other good permanent covers that do not change their backgrounds are: the *Netop*, Turners Falls, Mass., the *Alligator*, Ware, Mass., and the *Forge*, University School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The *Netop* we think has one of the best covers. It pictures an Indian sitting before a campfire silhouetted against an orange moon with a tall pine towering above. All this is against a grey background and the design is well balanced.

Some schools change their covers every issue. We have received magazines with most attractive Christmas designs for covers. Among these are the *Mercury*, West Springfield, the *Red and Gray*, Fitchburg, the *Herald*, Westfield, the *Spotlight*, South Hadley, and the *Academe*, Drury High, North Adams. All of these are from Mass.

The *Mercury* has perhaps the most beautiful cover. On a background of deep blue, The *Mercury* is printed at the top and to the left center a golden star radiates its beams over the page. The name of the school is printed below.

There has been a decided trend toward the modernistic designs lately. Such covers vary greatly in design and make interesting material to study. We have received some interesting publications from the Business High School in the form of the *Balance Sheet*. St. Ursula's Academy sends the *Scroll*, the *Academy* from St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minnesota, the *Red and White* from Lake View High, Chicago, Illinois, and the *Purple Quill*, Ball High, Galveston, Texas.

We feel that the *Scroll* tends to bury the name of the publication in the intricacy of the design.

Rather startling in its coloring but nevertheless effective in its design is the *Academy* from St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Laboremus from the Albanian Vocational School, Albania, pictures a group of laborers led by one with a torch and a flag climbing to the top of the earth. The *Gleam* from Johnson High, St. Paul, Minnesota, has a cover with a shiny, satiny finish with the words *The Gleam* the only thing on the page. It makes an unusual and neat cover.

The *Razor Blade* of Stafford Springs High, Stafford Springs, Conn., and the *Amplifier* from Huntington High, Huntington, Mass., are written and printed by the students. The work is done entirely by mimeograph and shows praiseworthy effort.

The *Beacon* from Fordham Preparatory, New York City is unique in its simplicity. It has a gold embossed design on a deep red mottled cover making a striking appearance.

(Continued from page 13)

heads. "Let's go up stairs and look around," said Mother.

"Yes," I said, "it may be there we will find something."

As we went into our room, Mother found that her bracelet which she had left on the bureau, was gone. We then knew that someone or something had been there. Mother started to look around. I went over to the window. While I stood there I heard this dreadful noise again. It seemed to be right near me. Standing there in dreadful fear, I saw a movement in the tree outside the window. Laughing, I called Mother and said, "There is your mysterious visitor."

It was a big black crow.

He has holding Mother's gold bracelet in his beak. Mother laughed and said, "Now that I remember, everything that was missed was something bright. Crows always steal something that shines."

Thus ends the mystery of the Haunted House.

Athletics

WALTER MOSELY

Agawam vs. International College and Hardwick High

Agawam's 1931-32 basketball team started its season with a double header on December 11, when it played the Springfield International College and Hardwick High School. It proved to be a very successful evening for Agawam when they defeated the International College by a score of 29-6 and Hardwick by a score of 54-6.

Agawam vs. St. Mary's in Westfield

On December 22, the Agawam team met its first defeat at the hands of the St. Mary's team in Westfield. It was during the third period that Agawam slowed up and the St. Mary's boys gained a safe lead. The score was St. Mary's 31, Agawam 17.

Williamstown at Agawam

The third game of the season with Williamstown turned out another Agawam victory 21-17. Tisdell was leading scorer for Agawam and Bates and Lute were high scorers for the visitors.

Ludlow at Agawam

On January 12, Ludlow visited Agawam and was defeated by a score of 25-14. Although the visitors were ahead at the end of the first half, Agawam topped them in the last. Jones featured.

M. S. C. Freshmen at Agawam

The Mass. State Freshmen came to Agawam on January 15 and lost a hard fought game 26-11. Nacewicz featured with 11 points.

Agawam vs. Trade

Agawam met her second defeat on January 18, at the Boys Club of Springfield when the Trade School defeated her 23-22. Jones featured for Agawam with 12 points and Klinkowicz for Trade with 7.

Enfield visits Agawam

Agawam defeated Enfield on January 22. Although our boys were behind at the end of the first half they pushed ahead in the last half and took a 22-13 victory. Smith and Moseley were high scorers.

West Springfield at Agawam

On January 26, West Springfield came to Agawam and met defeat by a score of 20-5. The first half was a very poor exhibition of basketball, the score being 2-2, but in the last half our boys scored 18 points while West Side was held to 3.

Agawam vs. Stockbridge

Agawam played the ninth game of the season in the new athletic building at the State College where she defeated Stockbridge 28-4. Smith featured for Agawam with 12 points.

Agawam at Ludlow

Agawam visited Ludlow on January 29, and again defeated the Jutetowners. This time by a score of 29-12. Smith featured for Agawam and Sas was high man for Ludlow.

Trade at Agawam

On February 5, the Springfield Trade School five came to Agawam where they met defeat to the tune of 23-15. Jones featured for Agawam with 15 points and Klinkowicz, with six points, was high scorer for Trade.

(Continued on page 19)

Alumni

By ELIZABETH BLOOM

In this issue we have made an effort to give accounts of the occupations and interests of the editors and business managers of former *Agawam Mirror* staffs.

Business Managers

Alfred St. John '24 is married and has a young son. He has been working in the Third National Bank in Springfield.

Edward Knudson '25 is working for the Telephone and Telegraph Company in Pittsfield.

Richard Filley '26 has been working for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Myrtle Loncto '26 is married to Mr. Joseph Woliner and is living on North Street, North Agawam.

Josephine Novelli '28 is working for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co. Josephine was Business Manager on the staff for two years.

Doris Roberts '29 is a stenographer for Mr. Martinelli of Springfield.

Rebelle Vancini '30 has had occasional employment at the Brook Banknote Company for the last six months.

Mae Novelli '31 has a position with the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Editors

Andrew Toussaint, the *Mirror's* first editor, returned last fall to Worcester Polytechnic Institute to complete a course in Electrical Engineering. He will graduate in June.

Margery Leonard '25 graduated from Brown University and now has a business position in Boston, Mass.

Corinne Wright '26 after attending the Fitchburg Normal School for three years married Mr. Walter Southworth of New York. She is now living in Agawam.

Karolyn Wright '26 trained to be a librarian at the Springfield City Library and now has a position in the library at Derby, Connecticut.

Vivian Brown '27 after graduating, worked for the Carrol Electric Company. She is now married to Mr. J. Hoyt Wakefield and is living at home.

Louise Shields '28 after graduating worked for a time for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company and was recently married to Mr. Harold Danforth of Springfield.

Mary Bruso has just completed with high honors a secretarial course at Bay Path.

Helen Rudman '29 is a Junior at the Massachusetts State College.

Corada Tinti '30 is attending Massachusetts State College.

Florence Bradford '31 is working for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co.

The rumor that Arthur Ruffo has joined the "Follies" has proved to be an idle one for he is in New York attending, New York State College.

Marilyn Donaldson has returned to Massachusetts State College after having spent her Christmas vacation recovering from an appendix operation.

Alma Smith will soon be able to talk over old times at Agawam, for Phyllis Jones is to join her for training at the Hartford City Hospital.

Charles Marsh has secured work at the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Emma Ricci 1931, is a member of the Women's Glee Club at Bay Path this year.

Amherst, Jan. 21,—Flory Costa of North Agawam was a recent sorority pledge at Massachusetts State College to Alpha Lambda Mu. Miss Costa is a sophomore at the State College. Miss Costa is among the first pledges of a newly organized closed sorority at the state school.



TAKEN FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

Mr. Brainey is the Democratic floor leader.
The Lewis and Clark expedition crossed the Alps down into the Mississippi Valley.

Thomas Jefferson was a loose believer in the constitution.

The land in Colorado is watered by irrigation.

Miss Button (after long talk on clear enunciation): "Will the class please continue when I chop (stop) Assad?"

History Teacher: "What important national event occurred on March fourth?"

Freshman: "My birthday."

History Teacher: "What war started in 1812?"

Student: "That's my grandfather's wedding anniversary."

Miss Ward "What government has the right to control railroad broadcasting?"

A Letter to the Teacher

Miss Ward: "How often are senators elected?"

Goulet: "One-third of the senators expire in two years."

"Dear Teacher: Please excuse Johnny for his absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

—From *The Red and Gray*.

Mr. Williams: "Where do we get powdered milk?"

Madden: "From dry cows."

Pete Hunter (as Jean Hammel passed): "Hello Physiology! I mean, Hye Jean (hy giene.)!" —*Exchange*.

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(Continued from page 7)

"Hello, yourself," replied Bill, while Mr. Simpson started and smiled tenderly at his stalwart grandson. Between the two there was great affection, but not the sympathy that lay between the old man and Bill.

Jack now draped himself across a morris chair, and lazily asked what was interesting the two so much.

The old man answered, "Bill has discovered an old stamp. I've just been looking over my stamp book, and I've found that it's just the one I've left a space for. It happens to have the right date on it. But that isn't all. I've been puzzling over its peculiarity, and have just found out why it is different from the ones it belongs next to in the book."

"Oh, Mr. Simpson, what is it?" cried Bill eagerly, his voice shaking with excitement. "I can't tell myself. Do you really think it is valuable?"

"Did you notice how wide the perforations on that stamp are, compared to these others?"

"Why, no," said Bill. "I hadn't, but—I do now."

"Well," the old man said slowly. "I don't know how much the stamp is worth, but I do know it's worth ten dollars at least to me. How about it, will you sell it to an old man for his collection?"

"What!" interrupted Jack. "Do you mean to tell me you'd pay that much money for a measly little scrap of paper?"

"Certainly," Mr. Simpson answered. "It's worth it to me."

"Say, Bill," Jack said, turning to the other boy, you must have quite a number of stamps yourself. Why don't you sell them? You'd get quite some money for them, I should think."

"If I had to sell them, I probably would," Bill answered. "However, I don't want to. How valuable is your collection, Mr. Simpson?"

"It's probably worth five thousand at least," Mr. Simpson answered. "But what I'm interested in now is Bill's stamp. Do you want to sell it?" he asked again.

"Why, Mr. Simpson," Bill faltered, "I—well, I figured on using that stamp for my own collection, I—I don't know what to say."

(Continued on page 20)

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St. Mary's at Agawam

The St. Mary's team visited Agawam on February 12, and was defeated by a score of 15-14 when Raymond scored from mid-court in the last few minutes of play. It was a close guarding game and that accounts for the low scoring. St. Mary's was ahead 9-4 at the end of the first half and although they played fine basketball, in the last half Agawam managed to come through with a well earned victory. Jones and Tripp were leading scorers.

In the preliminary, the Agawam Seconds made it a perfect night by chalking up their 14th straight win, beating the St. Mary's Seconds 13-5.

Easthampton at Agawam

After a short rest over the holidays the boys came back and defeated Easthampton by a score of 22-6. Jones featured for Agawam with 9 points.

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(Continued from page 18)

The old man's face fell. "All right," he said slowly. "I don't blame you a bit. It will help your book."

Bill had noticed the old man's disappointment. He hesitated no longer. "Why, Mr. Simpson, I'd love to let you have the stamp. I know it will mean more to you than it will to me. But one thing, I insist on—that you take it as a gift from me."

"Oh, but I wouldn't want to do that," said Mr. Simpson.

"Why, think of all you've done for me, and all the stamps you've given me before," Bill reminded his friend. "I wouldn't think of taking the money from you."

"You're a dear boy," declared Mr. Simpson with the easy tears of age in his eyes. "I know that any boy can always use extra money, but if you feel that way about it, I'll accept the stamp in the same spirit with which you offer it."

Jack got up from his chair, and carefully put his hat on. "Well," he said, "I'm sure I can't help you out on the stamps anyway—I'll take you riding to a good ball game, or anything else of the kind, but if you want to play with stamps, I'm afraid, grand-dad, that you'll have to depend on Bill. But since the great matter of the stamp is finally settled, how about Bill's coming along with me to the football game. We've just time to make it you don't mind, do you?"

So saying, he went whistling from the room, and Bill, as fond of sports, as any other boy, soon followed. However, he did stop to say good-bye to his old friend, and to promise to return before many days.

After the boys had left, Mr. Simpson affixed the stamps in its new position, and then sat thinking deeply, a smile on his lips as he pondered over the two boys, both so dear to him, yet so different. Suddenly he exclaimed to himself, "So be it! Jack has given me an idea. There will always be plenty of money for him, but he will never care for nor appreciate the stamp book, and it is really quite valuable. Tomorrow, I'm going to see Lawyer Brooks, and have it written in my will that the stamp book, and all its contents is to go to Bill—at my death."

And then, his frail hands clasping the beloved album, Mr. Simpson moved his easy chair to the window where the warm, afternoon sun poured in, and contentedly seated himself for his afternoon nap.

A PROBLEM IN HISTORY

Life's a great big puzzle
To this we'll all agree,
But the greatest things that puzzle me
Are the deeds of history.

I wonder if Mark Anthony
Did ever hit the mark,
Of it the famed Achilles
Did his killing after dark.

Did Crassus crash the gates of Rome
Or didn't he try at all?
And o'er what sea did Pharsalus sail,
And how far did he roam?

Perhaps someone can tell me
Who it was that Caesar seized;
And did Euripedes rip his clothes
Because with them he was not pleased?

All night and day I wonder
At these and many more,
And the more I read of history
The more it seems a bore.
Alfred Davis, '33.

PRO MERITO PARTY

Miss Eleanor Smith, faculty advisor of Pro Merito, gave a Washington Day party, at her apartment, for the members of the Pro Merito Society. Those who attended were, Vera Alvergini, Norma Broggi, Ernest Swanson, and Creighton Abrams. The table was appropriately decorated in red, white and blue. Games appropriate to the gathering and the time were played. Miss Smith's efforts were repaid by the expressions of hearty enjoyment of all those who went.

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"Ta classe de medicine?" "

Don Cholmers: "Pysics class."

—From *The Red and Gray*.

Teacher: "What is pig iron?"

Pupil: "Tough pork."—*Exchange*.

"Mother," cried little Mary as she rushed into the farmhouse where they were visiting. "Johnny has caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks its got halitosis."—*The Early Trainer*.

THE PLEASURES OF PRIVATE LIFE

Under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the Soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the Statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if the globe was insufficient for us all—and the Courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his Prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile—can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and, this being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.

George Washington.



Claire: "Whare are you doing tonight?"

Madge: "Studying."

Claire: "I'm not doing anything either.
Let's go to a show."

"Let's also remember the sophomore who went to the drug store and ordered kiss proof lip stick and then wanted a demonstration."—From the *Balance Sheet*.

